

Mark Wilkinson

BARITONE

Leanne Regehr

PIANO



Saturday, May 26, 2012

Convocation Hall

University of Alberta

8 pm

Free admission

Reception to follow

Sarah Schaub SOPRANO

Keisha Hollman VIOLIN

Arlan Vriens VIOLIN

Julia Hui VIOLA

Kathleen de Caen CELLO

famous and famously forgotten composers

the shakespeare effect

Mozart

Mendelssohn

Lysenko

Coulthard

Finzi

Thomas



THE SHAKESPEARE EFFECT: FAMOUS AND FAMOUSLY FORGOTTEN COMPOSERS

MARK LESLIE WILKINSON baritone
LEANNE REGEHR piano

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1756-1791)

Mentre ti lascio, K. 513

FELIX MENDELSSOHN (1809-1847)

Sechs Duette, op. 63

Ich wollt, meine Lieb' ergösse
Abschiedslied der Zugvögel
Gruß
Herbstlied
Volkslied
Maiglöckchen und die Blümelein

SARAH SCHAUB soprano

MYKOLA LYSENKO (1842-1912)

Selections from *A Poet's Love*

Коли настав чудовий май
Чого так поблідли троянди ясні
Не жаль мені
У сні я плакав
Любов
Місяцю-князю!

INTERMISSION

JEAN COULTHARD (1908-2000)

Two night songs

The nightingale near the house
Tarantella

KEISHA HOLLMAN violin ARLAN VRIENS violin
JULIA HUI viola KATHLEEN DE CAEN cello

GERALD FINZI (1901-1956)

Let us Garlands bring, op. 18

Come away, come away, death
Who is Sylvia?
Fear no more the heat o' the sun
O mistress mine
It was a lover and his lass

AMBROISE THOMAS (1811-1896)

"Ô vin, dissipe la tristesse" from *Hamlet*

The Wigmore Hall International Song Competition states in its mandate that it "celebrates the Shakespearean stature of Schubert in the genre" ('genre' refers to the art songs found in vocal recitals). Reading this statement inspired the genesis of tonight's recital. I sought to create a program that explored the ramifications of having a canonical approach to how we perform, teach, and impart classical music to both our audiences and our next generation of musicians.

Canons exist in all art forms. Walt Whitman and Emily Dickinson are examples of Shakespearean figures in poetry; Pablo Picasso and Claude Monet are household names in visual art. Country music, even, has its own canon when one considers such names as Johnny Cash and Dolly Parton. My interest in the classical music canon does not lie in disputing the recognition of excellence in one's field (Schubert was, truly, one heck of a composer). I seek, instead, to explore this Shakespearean pedestal that has left so many composers and/or compositions unknown to both the general public and classical musicians.

Bach. Mozart. Beethoven. No matter how musical you are, you have heard of these three immortal composers. Some of you remember that Bach came to call, that Mozart had a magnificent voyage, and that Beethoven lived upstairs. You may even remember when Vivaldi had a ring of mystery and when Tchaikovsky discovered America. Few can deny the household status of certain composers, no matter one's interest in classical music.

"Oh, that's the British Airways commercial song!" has become the token response to Léo Delibes' "Flower Duet" from *Lakmé*. Rossini's beloved *Il barbiere di Siviglia* makes more sense to John/Jane Doe as *The Rabbit of Seville* from the famous Bugs Bunny cartoon. I recently came across a disc that was a compilation of famous pieces in the classical music repertory that the average person might not realize s/he knows upon seeing the titles. If tonight is your first taste of classical music, I urge you to do a YouTube search for the aforementioned duet and Rossini's "William Tell Overture" before deciding that you know nothing about classical music.

Although most classically trained singers know "Nessun dorma" from Puccini's *Turandot* more intimately than "the music those ice dancers skated to last night," we can be guilty of learning and performing the Classical Top 40. Our conservatory voice programs emphasize a heavy dose of "The Boys" (see paragraph 3). Learning the classics is important, but I came up with the concept for this recital when I discovered the extent to which our focus on the classics has left so many songs unknown. This is what I call the "Shakespeare Effect."

Although I could never change the pedestal on which we place the great composers in a single master's recital, I hope to shed a light on some of the forgotten songs whose status in the repertory has suffered due to it. Leanne and I look forward to sharing these songs with you. Thank you for joining us!

- Mark Wilkinson

NOTES & TRANSLATIONS

NAME: Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

FAMOUS OR FORGOTTEN: Really, really, really famous

MENTRE TI LASCIO

Anon.

Mentre ti lascio, oh figlia,
In sen mi trema il core.
Ahi! che partenza amara!
Provo nel mio dolore
Le smanie ed il terror.
Parto. Tu piangi? Oh Dio!
Ti chiedo un sol momento.
Figlia, ti lascio! oh Dio!
Che fier tormento!
Ah! mi spezza il cor!

Trans. Wilkinson

As I leave you, oh daughter,
My heart trembles in my chest.
Ah! What bitter parting!
I feel in my pain
The ragings and the terror.
I am leaving. You are crying? Oh God!
I beg of you a single moment.
Daughter, I am leaving you! Oh God!
What cruel torment!
Ah! My heart breaks!

NAME: Felix Mendelssohn

FAMOUS OR FORGOTTEN: Quite famous, but not as a song composer

SIX DUETS

I. Ich wollt, meine Lieb' ergösse sich

Heinrich Heine

Ich wollt, meine Lieb' ergösse
Sich all in ein einzig Wort,
Das gäb ich den luft'gen Winden,
Die trügen es lustig fort.

Sie tragen zu dir, Geliebte,
Das lieb-erfüllte Wort;
Du hörst es zu jeder Stunde,
Du hörst es an jedem Ort.

Und hast du zum nächtlichen
Schlummer
Geschlossen die Augen kaum,
So wird mein Bild dich verfolgen
Bis in den tiefstem Traum.

Trans. Goldthorpe / Stein

I wish my love would flow
Into a single word,
Which I'd give to the airy winds,
Who would carry it merrily along.

They would carry it to you, my love,
The love-filled word;
You hear it always,
You hear it everywhere.

And have you to night-time
slumbers,
Scarcely closed your eyes,
My image will follow you,
Into your deepest dream.

II. Abschiedslied der Zugvögel

Hoffmann von Fallersleben

Wie war so schön doch Wald und Feld!
Wie ist so traurig jetzt die Welt!
Hin ist die schöne Sommerzeit,
Und nach der Freude kam das Leid.

Trans. Goldthorpe / Stein

How lovely were the woods and fields!
How sad the world is now!
The beautiful summertime is gone,
And after joy came sorrow.

Wir wußten nichts von Ungemach,
Wir saßen unterm Laubesdach
Vergnügt und froh beim
Sonnenschein,
Und sangen in die Welt hinein.

Wir armen Vöglein trauern sehr:
Wir haben keine Heimat mehr,
Wir müssen jetzt von hinten fliehn
Und in die weite Fremde ziehn.

III. Gruß

Josef von Eichendorff

Wohin ich geh' und schaue,
In Feld und Wald und Tal,
Vom Hügel hinauf die Aue;
Vom Berg aufwärts weit ins Blaue,
Grüß ich dich tausendmal.

In meinem Garten find' ich
Viel' Blumen schön und fein,
Viel' Kränze wohl draus wind' ich
Und tausend Gedanken bind' ich
Und Grüße mit darein.

Dir darf ich keinen reichen,
Du bist zu hoch und schön,
Die müssen zu bald verbleichen,
Die Liebe ohne Gleichen
Bleibt ewig im Herzen stehn.

IV. Herbstlied

Karl Klingemann

Ach, wie so bald verhallet der Reigen,
Wandelt sich Frühling in Winterzeit!
Ach, wie so bald in trauerndes
Schweigen
Wandelt sich alle der Fröhlichkeit!

Bald sind die letzten Klänge verflogen!
Bald sind die letzten Sänger gezogen!
Bald ist das letzte Grün dahin!
Alle sie wollen heimwärts ziehn!

Ach, wie so bald verhallet der Reigen,
Wandelt sich Lust in sehnendes Leid.

Wart ihr ein Traum, ihr
Liebesgedanken?
Süß wie der Lenz und schnell
verweht?
Eines, nur eines will nimmer wanken:
Es ist das Sehnen, das nimmer vergeht.

We knew nothing of pain,
We sat under the leafy canopy
Content and joyful in the
sunshine,
And sang out into the world.

We poor birds mourn so,
We no longer have a home,
We must now flee from here,
Into the wide unknown.

Trans. Jakob Kellner

Wherever I go and look,
In field and forest and plain,
Down the hill to the mead;
Up the hill to the wide blue sky,
I greet you a thousand times.

In my garden I find
Many flowers, pretty and nice,
Many garlands I bind from them
And a thousand thoughts
And greetings I weave into them.

To you I must not give one,
You are too noble and fair;
They all have to fade,
Only unequalled love
Stays in the heart forever.

Trans. Goldthorpe / Stein

Oh, how soon the cycle ends,
Spring turns into wintertime!
Oh, how soon into grieving
silence
Changes all happiness!

The last sounds soon fade!
The last songbirds are soon flown!
The last green is soon gone!
They all want to return home!

Oh, how soon the cycle ends,
Merriness turns to longing sorrow.

Were you a dream, you thoughts of
love?
Sweet as spring and fast
disappearing?
Only one thing will never wane:
The longing that never goes.

V. Volkslied

Trans. Ferdinand Freiligrath

O Säh ich auf der Heide dort
Im Sturme dich, im Sturme dich!
Mit meinem Mantel vor dem Sturm
Beschütz ich dich, beschütz ich dich!

Und kommt mit seinem Sturme je
Dir Unglück nah, dir Unglück nah,
Dann wär dies Herz dein Zufluchtsort,
Gern teilt ich's ja, gern teilt ich's ja.

O wär ich in der Wüste, die
So braun und dürr, so braun und dürr,
Zum Paradiese würde sie,
Wärst du bei mir, wärst du bei mir.

Und wär ein König ich, und wär
Die Erde mein, die Erde mein,
Du wärst in meiner Krone doch
Der schönste Stein, der schönste Stein!

VI. Maiglöckchen und die Blümlein

Hoffmann von Fallersleben

Maiglöckchen läutet in dem Tal,
Das klingt so hell und fein;
So kommt zum Reigen allzumal,
Ihr lieben Blümlein!
Die Blümchen blau und gelb und weiß,
Die kommen all herbei,
Vergißmeinnicht und Ehrenpreis
Und Veilchen sind dabei.

Maiglöckchen spielt zum Tanz im Nu
Und Alle tanzen dann;
Der Mond sieht ihnen freundlich zu,
Hat seine Freude dran.

Den Junker Reif verdroß das sehr,
Er kommt ins Tal hinein;
Maiglöckchen spielt zum Tanz nicht mehr,
Fort sind die Blümlein.

Doch kaum der Reif das Tal verläßt,
Da rufet wieder schnell
Maiglöckchen zu den Frühlingsfest
Und läutet doppelt hell.
Nun hält's auch mich nicht mehr zu
Haus,
Maiglöckchen ruft auch mich:
Die Blümchen geh'n zum Tanz hinaus,
Zum Tanze geh' auch ich.

Robert Burns

O wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee:

Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blow,
Thy shield should be my bosom
To share it a'; to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise
If thou wert there.

Or were I monarch of the globe,
Wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my Queen, wad be my Queen.

Trans. Goldthorpe / Stein

The lily rings in the valley
It sings so bright and delicate;
Come now to the ring,
You dear little flowers!
The little flowers, blue, yellow, white,
They all gather round,
Forget-me-nots and speedwells
And violets join in.

In a trice, the lily begins to play
And they all dance;
The moon looks on happily,
Enjoying it all.

Jack frost is very annoyed,
He arrives in the valley;
The lily plays no longer,
The little flowers are gone.

But scarcely has the frost left the valley
The lily quickly calls
The flowers back to the spring festival,
Ringing twice as brightly.
Now I can neither stay at home,
The lily-of-the-valley calls me;
The flowers are going to the dance
And I go too!

NAME: Mykola Lysenko

FAMOUS OR FORGOTTEN: Forgotten

SELECTIONS FROM "A POET'S LOVE"

I. Koly nastav

Lesia Ukrainka after Heine Heine

Koly nastav chudovyj maj,
Sadochkiv rozvyvannja,
Todi u serden'ku mojim
Prokynulos' kokhannja.
Koly nastav chudovyj maj
I ptashok shchebetannja,
Todi ja mylij rozkazab
Moju zhurbu j kokhannja!

Trans. Hal Draper

In May, the magic month of May,
When all the buds were springing,
Into my hear the burning
Bright arrow of love came winging.
In May, the magic month of May, 12
When all the birds were singing,
I told her of my yearning,
My longing and heart-wringing.

II. Choho tak poblidly trojandy jasni

Ukrainka / Heine

Choho tak poblidly trojandy jasni,
Skazhy, moja ljuba, meni?
Choho u zelenij travi zapashnij
Blakytni fijalky sumni?

Trans. Hal Draper

Then why are all the roses so pale,
Oh speak, my love, oh why?
Then why, in a green and verdant vale,
Do the violets mutely sigh?

Choho zhajvoronok tak sumno spiva
Ta zhalibno v nebi jasnim?
Choho tak pakhne tak zapashnaja trava,
Nemov pohrebovyj toj dym?

Then why does even the lark in air
Sing a song of gloom?
Why hangs above the fragrant balsams,
The odour of the tomb?

Choho navit' sontse ne hrije mene,
A prykro tak svityt' na dil?
Choho na zemli vse smutne i strashne,
Mov sumneje pole mohyl?

Why has the sun no more today
The glory that once it gave?
Why is the earth so gaunt and gray
And lonely as a grave?

Choho meni tjazhko, vmyraju nemov?
Skazhy, moje shchastja jasne!
O myla, kokhanaja ljubko, promov,
Choho pokydajesh mene!

And why am I so pale and so bleak?
Oh tell me, my love, my own!
Tell me, my darling, my sweetheart,
Why did you leave me alone?

IV. Ne zhal' meni

Ukrainka / Heine

Ne zhal' meni,
Khaj sertse rozibje Zahublena ljybov!
Khoch promin' bje kruh tebe z
Samotsvitiv... Ne zhalkuju,
Ja bachu tvoho sertsja nich tjazhkuju.
Davno tse znaju. Bachyv ja vvi sni:
V tim sertsji nich, ne promeni jasni;
Te serden'ko hryze zmija strashenna!
Ja bachyv, ljubaja, shcho ty nuzhdenna

Trans. Hal Draper

I'll not complain, yet my heart breaks,
O love lost evermore, I'll not complain.
Although you glow with jewelled art
No glow lights up your heart's night.

I've known it. I saw you in a dream;
I saw your heart: the gleamless night.
Upon your heart I saw the serpent feed;
I saw, my love, how wretched you are.

XIII. U sni ja plakav

Maksym Slavinsky / Heine

U sni ja plakav,
Snylos', shcho ty vtruni...
Prokynuvs' ja,
I sl'ozy zmojikh ochej tekly...

U sni ja plakav,
Snylos', shcho ja odyn zostavs'...
Prokynuvs' ja,
I dovho hirkymy umyvavs'!

U sni ja plakav,
Snylos', shcho jdosi ty moja...
Prokynusja,
I dosi chohos' to plachu ja...

XX. Ljubov

Oleksander Oles

O, ne dyvujs', shcho nich taka blakytna,
Shcho vyjdesh ty, te znala nich otsja,
I cherez te vona taka pryyitna,
Taka jasna, i nizhna bez kintsja.

O, ne dyvujs', shcho pokhoshchi navkolo
Shcho, mov zomlili, dyvljut'sja kvitky,
Tsja nich tvoje kvitchaje nymy cholo
Iz nykh tobi odnij plete vinky.

O, ne dyvyjs', shcho bezlich zir na nebi,
Shcho tak prozora sribna mla,
Tsja jasna nich vdyralasia dlja tebe
I sriblo tse dlja tebe rozlyla.

XXX. Misjatsju—knjazju!

Ivan Franko

Misjatsju-knjazju!
Nichkoju temnoju
Tykho plyvesh ty
Stezhkoj tajemnoju.
Nizhno khljupochet'sja
Vozdushne more,
Tak v nim I khochet'sja
Zmyt' zsertsja hore.

Misjatsju-knjazju!
Ty charivnychen'ku!
Smutok na tvojomu
Jasnomu lychen'ku.
Iz nebovizdnoji

Trans. Hal Draper

I wept as I lay dreaming,
I dreamed you lay in the tomb.
I woke, and still the teardrops
Rolled down my cheeks in the gloom.

I wept as I lay dreaming,
I dreamed you'd forsaken me.
I woke, and kept on weeping
Still long and bitterly.

I wept as I lay dreaming,
I dreamed you still were kind.
I woke, and still the teardrops
Streamed down unconfined.

Trans. Tarnawsky / Pasicznyk

Be not surprised that the night is bright.
This night, it knew you would appear,
And that is why it is so welcoming,
So bright and tender to the very end.

Be not surprised by fragrances around
Nor by the gaze of flowers in a swoon.
For you only this night weaves a wreath
To ring blooms with your forehead.

Be not surprised by endless stars above,
By the transparency of the silvery veil,
For you this night has dressed itself
And for you it pours forth this silver.

Trans. Tarnawsky / Pasicznyk

Princely moon,
Through gloomy night,
You calmly sail
A secret path.
The wind-swept sea
Splashes tenderly,
Can it wash away
The heart's grief?

Princely moon,
You enchanter!
There's sorrow on
Your shining face.
From your tranquil path

Stezhky pohidnoji
Vazhko hljadyt' tobi
V more bezdonne,
V ljuds'kosti bidnoji
Hore bezsonne.

Misjatsju-knjazju!
V pit'mi budushchoho,
Znat', ty shukajesh
Zillja tsiljushchoho,
Zillja, shcho lysh tsvite
Z-za rajs'kykh mezh...
Okh, I koly zh ty te
Zillja znaj desh

In the starry heavens
You cannot see
Into the watery abyss,
Into the depths
Of sleepless misery.

Princely moon,
In the obscurity of the future
You are searching, I know,
For the healing herb
The herb that flowers
Only beyond the gates
Of paradise
Oh, when will you find it?

NAME: Jean Coulthard

FAMOUS OR FORGOTTEN: Canadian + woman = unfairly forgotten

TWO SONGS FOR BARITONE

I. The nightingale near the house

Harold Monro

Here is the soundless cypress on the lawn:
It listens, listens. Taller trees beyond
Listen. The moon at the unruffled pond
Stares. And you sing, you sing.

That star-enchanted song falls through the air
From lawn to lawn down terraces of sound,
Darts in white arrows on the shadowed ground;
And all the night you sing.

My dreams are flowers to which you are a bee
As all night long I listen, and my brain
Receives your song; then loses it again
In moonlight on the lawn.

Now is your voice a marble high and white,
Then like a mist on fields of paradise,
Now is a raging fire, then is like ice,
Then breaks, and it is dawn.

II. Tarantella

Hilaire Belloc

Do you remember an Inn, Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?
And the tedding
and the spreading
Of the straw for a bedding,
And the fleas
that tease
in the Highly Pyrenees,
And the wine that tasted of the tar?
And the cheers and the jeers,
of the young muleteers
(Under the vine of the dark verandah)...

Do you remember an Inn, Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?
And the hammer at the doors and the Din?
And the Hip! Hop! Hap!
Of the clap
Of the hands to the twirl
and the swirl
of the girl
gone chancing,
glancing,
dancing,
Snapping of the clapper to the spin
Out and in
And the Ting Tong Tang
of the guitar!

Do you remember an Inn, Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?
Never more, Miranda,
Never more.
No sound
In the walls
of the Halls
where falls
the tread of the feet of the dead to the ground,
No sound, no sound:
But the boom
of the waterfall
like Doom.

NAME: Gerald Finzi

FAMOUS OR FORGOTTEN: These songs are more famous than he is

LET US GARLANDS BRING

I. Come away, come away, death

William Shakespeare

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown.
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

II. Who is Sylvia?

William Shakespeare

Who is Sylvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

III. Fear no more the heat o' the sun

William Shakespeare

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,

Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The Sceptre, Learning, Physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the'all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have,
And renownèd by thy grave!

IV. O mistress mine

William Shakespeare

O Mistress mine where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love, 'tis not hereafter,
Present mirth, hath present laughter:
What's to come, is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me sweet and twenty:
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

V. It was a lover and his lass

William Shakespeare

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, *hey ding a ding, ding;*
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

Those pretty country folks would lie,
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

NAME: Ambroise Thomas

FAMOUS OR FORGOTTEN: Not quite famous, but familiar-sounding

HAMLET'S DRINKING SONG

Ô vin, dissipe la tristesse

Jules Barbier / Michel Carré

Ô vin, dissipe la tristesse
Qui pèse sur mon cœur !
À moi les rêves de l'ivresse
Et le rire moqueur !
Ô liqueur enchanteresse,
Verse l'ivresse
Et l'oubli dans mon cœur !
Douce liqueur!
La vie est sombre;
Les ans sont courts.
De nos beaux jours
Dieu sait le nombre.
Chacun, hélas ! porte ici-bas
Sa lourde chaîne—
Cruels devois,
Longs désespoirs de l'âme humaine !
Loin de nous, noirs presages !
Les plus sages sont les fous !
Ah!

Trans. Martha Gerhart

Oh wine, dispel the sadness
That weighs on my heart!
Give me the illusions of intoxication
And the mocking laughter!
Oh enchanting liqueur,
Pour intoxication
And oblivion into my heart!
Sweet liqueur!
Life is gloomy;
The years are short.
Of our happy days
God knows the number.
Each man, alas, bears here on earth
His heavy chain—
Cruel duties,
Lasting afflictions of the human soul!
Away from us, dark forebodings!
The wisest ones are the fools!
Ah!

ARTISTS

MARK WILKINSON is a master's candidate in vocal performance at the University of Alberta in the studio of mezzo-soprano Elizabeth Turnbull. He is the recipient of the Queen Elizabeth II Scholarship, the Beryl Barns Memorial Graduate Award, the Alberta Baroque Music Society Scholarship, the Government of Alberta Graduate Student Scholarship, and the Johann Strauss Foundation Music Award. He is also a winner of the University of Alberta Concerto Competition, and is a past recipient of the National Excellence Award from the Canada Millennium Scholarship Foundation. A French-speaking native of Ontario, he is an alumnus of l'Université d'Ottawa and the Franz-Schubert-Institut.

Mr. Wilkinson gained early performing experience as an actor and dancer on theatre stages throughout Ontario. Favourite roles include Frank in *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, Mark in *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change*, and Bob in *The Old Maid and the Thief*. He is now also active as a baritone soloist, recitalist and chamber musician across Canada. Recent performances include Handel's *Israel in Egypt* with the Richard Eaton Singers, a recital with Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata, Mozart's *Missa brevis in D* with the Alberta Baroque and Da Camera Singers, and the role of John Brooke in Jim Betts' *Little Women* in Ontario.

LEANNE REGEHR is a versatile pianist who has worked in opera, choral, recital and symphonic settings across North America. She received a Master of Music degree from the University of Alberta and explored further studies at the Banff School of Fine Arts, the Universität Mozarteum in Salzburg, and the Aspen Music Festival. Ms. Regehr recently completed her Doctor of Music in Piano Performance from Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois.

Ms. Regehr participated in the inaugural season of Opera NUOVA in Edmonton in 1999, and has worked as a répétiteuse for Shreveport Opera and Mercury Opera. She was a staff pianist for Sherrill Milnes' VoicExperience Program in Orlando, as well as a Coaching Fellow at the Aspen Music Festival for John Corigliano's *The Ghosts of Versailles*. Since 2008, Ms. Regehr has been a répétiteuse for Edmonton Opera on productions including Verdi's *Otello* and *Rigoletto*, Puccini's *La bohème* and *Tosca*, Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, and Donizetti's *La fille du régiment*. She is the Music Director for the University of Alberta's Opera program, and a piano instructor at The King's University College. Ms. Regehr is also the accompanist for the Richard Eaton Singers and is often engaged as a collaborative artist, vocal coach, and adjudicator.

SARAH SCHaub completed her Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance at the University of Alberta in 2010. Select credits include Handel's *Messiah* with the Regina Symphony, Gretel in Humperdinck's *Hänsel und Gretel* and the title role in Handel's *Serse* at the University of Alberta, as well as Bach's *Cantata 209* and Haydn's *Little Organ Mass* with the Alberta Baroque. In March, she performed Orff's *Carmina Burana* and Poulenc's *Gloria* with the Da Camera Singers. She has performed with the Scona Chamber Singers, Pro Coro Canada, the Madrigal Singers, and the Richard Eaton Singers. She is the Assistant Director of the Archbishop Jordan High School Choirs, the Director of the ABJ Jazz Choir, and Co-Artistic Director of the Strathcona Children's Choirs with Jolaine Kerley. She most recently completed a degree in Education from the University of Alberta.

KEISHA HOLLMAN has been playing the violin avidly for 14 years. She has been instructed by Joan Jewitt and the University of Alberta's resident professor, Guillaume Tardif. She currently has her RCM Grade 10 violin and is working toward achieving her performers ARCT later this coming year. She played in the Edmonton Youth Orchestra, conducted by Michael Massey, for 6 years, and was part of the chamber program implemented by Guillaume Tardif. She then went on to be part of the University of Alberta's Symphony Orchestra, as well as several chamber ensembles, for her first year of university.

ARLAN VRIENS is entering his fourth year in the Bachelor of Music program at the University of Alberta. He performs regularly in solo, chamber, and orchestral settings, and most recently was awarded the 2012 Siludette O'Connor Memorial Scholarship in Violin and first prize in the 2012 Alberta Baroque Ensemble Scholarship Competition. He is also an active advocate of string education – to this end, he maintains a diverse studio of violin students at the Sherwood Park School of Music and Planet Music, and sits as Executive Assistant with the Alberta String Association.

JULIA HUI was born in Edmonton and began her music studies on the piano at the age of five. Since then, Julia has had the opportunity to pursue studies in viola and organ at the University of Alberta, graduating in 2010. She is currently continuing her education at the U of A as a pharmacy student. Julia keeps up with her musical endeavours with voice lessons, as a violist in the University Symphony Orchestra and Kitka String Quartet, and as an accompanist and organist at McDougall United Church.

KATHLEEN DE CAEN graduated, this spring, from the University of Alberta with a Bachelor of Music degree in cello. Her primary instructor was Tanya Prochazka. She has played in many ensembles including trios, quartets, quintets, sextets and orchestras for school and summer music camps across Canada. In 2009-2010 Kathleen was accepted into the National Youth Orchestra of Canada. She has been fortunate enough to perform with the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra on two occasions for children education music series. This fall, Kathleen will be continuing her musical studies at McGill University, pursuing a Master's in cello performance. During her free time Kathleen enjoys running, learning new languages and learning how to cook.

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